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To the Tone-Art.

Translated from the German of CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH DANIEL SCHUBART, Musician and Poet. 1789-1791.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Goddess of Music, on pinions of azure,
Cam'st thou from Heaven, 'mong mortals to dwell,
Taughtest them piping and harping and measure,
Play'dst on Jove's gift, the magical shell,
So that the beasts and trees
Danced to thy melodies,
Sorrow and Sadness, in cloudy array,
Fled from thee, powerful Goddess, away.

Then to the harp's exalted measures
The tender passion thou did'st sing,
Did'st sing of love's eternal pleasures,
And fire with feeling every string.
Goddess of Music, on pinions of azure,
Cam'st thou from Heaven 'mong mortals to dwell.

Then did'st thou touch the chords
Of grief too deep for words,
And sweet tears followed pain,
And hearts grew light again.
Goddess of Music, on pinions of azure,
Cam'st thou from Heaven, 'mong mortals to dwell.

The strings then uniting
To gleeful delighting,
There came in a blooming throng
The joys of German dance and song.
Goddess of Music, on pinions of azure,
Cam'st thou from Heaven, 'mong mortals to dwell.

Then up to Heaven the Goddess rose,
And joined the blissful choir of those
Who sing before the Eternal.
With mighty power she touched the Organ keys,
And glorious harmonies,
In majesty supernal,
Like Ocean's waves, with Hallelujahs rolled,
And fugue-like, struck Heaven's vaulted roof of
gold!
Goddess of Music, on pinions of azure,
Cam'st thou from Heaven 'mong mortals to dwell!

On the Employment of the Orchestra in Church Music.

BY E. H. TURPIN.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

(Concluded from Page 354.)

It is interesting to note, that in the middle of the sixteenth century instrumental compositions were taking definite forms. Fantasias were first written when instrumental harmony came into use, sometimes for cornets, but generally for viols. From such brief and simple pieces were developed in Italy the "Sonata di Chiesa" and the "Sonata di camera." The sonata of the church was distinguished from its worldly neighbor by a graver style, and consisted of short slow movements intermingled with fugues. These compositions were at first written only for stringed instruments, and they date back to about 1630. It is a matter of surprise that the sacred or church symphony should have but one modern representative, the introduction to Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang." The general want of orchestral means in churches,

and the proper distrust of too large a use of music, may account for such neglect. The "Sonata di Chiesa," evidently suggested to Bach the forms of his great organ pieces, and afterwards to Mendelssohn his organ sonatas. Bach, it is acknowledged, took many hints in the composition of instrumental music from the Italian composers still living in his earlier period, Corelli and Vivaldi, though their works were intended for the chamber and not the church. From the latter half of the sixteenth century we may trace the growth of the oratorio, a musical institution of a value and interest at least equal to that of instrumental form. In the seventeenth century composers of real power wrote oratorios, as Stradella, and that great inventor, Carissimi, to whom Handel is so much indebted.

The proper place for the oratorio is the church, though in England, its modern home, its character was somewhat changed by Handel, and it was, I think unfortunately, transferred to the concert room. Recent revivals in St. Paul's cathedral and elsewhere have shown us what a powerful means of creating religious impulse and thought the oratorio of the church is still. The festivals on St. Cecilia's day held during the latter part of the seventeenth and in the first half of the next century, in France and England, were to a great extent church festivals. The Te Deum and Jubilate by Henry Purcell, in D, used upon such occasions here, are interesting to us at this moment, as illustrating the kind of sacred orchestration then employed upon special days. The score was for 2 violins, viola, bassi, and 2 trumpets. To these, Dr. Boyce in 1755 added 3 oboes, 2 bassoons, and drums. Purcell's organ part was in accordance with a fashion which has prevailed far too long, a figured bass part.

By the end of the seventeenth century a great school of church orchestration had arisen in Italy, and one which, to my mind, offers excellent models to the church composer. This group of illustrious Italians included Carissimi, Durante, Clari, and Leo, and following these were Pergolesi, Martini, Jomelli, and others. These men were great contrapuntists, yet writing with elegance, pathos, and sentiment. Their instrumental parts display great invention, but are never overloaded. Relying chiefly on the strings, strengthened by the figured bass of the organ, their coloring was sedate, and not too frequently heightened by the use of 2 oboes, 2 trumpets, and sometimes 2 horns. One of the Psalms of Leo, a composer possessing large grasp and lofty thoughts, is set for two choirs and two orchestras. Each of the instrumental bodies has its complement of strings, the oboes playing in one mass, the organ and trumpets acting with the other. At this period the trumpets were always written for in D, but the horns were crooked in all the keys in frequent use. The music then written for the thin tubed trumpets played with shallow mouthpieces sorely tries the players on the modern instruments of that name.

To Bach, to whom it is now time to turn, we are indebted for several orchestral improvements. We find in his scores the ordinary flute, the flauto d'amore, or alto flute, playing a minor third lower than written for, clarinets, bassoons, besides the more commonly used oboes, trumpets and drums. He also employed trumpets crooked in other keys than D, sometimes, as in one of the church cantatas, introducing three of these instruments. He likewise used several kinds of alto and tenor oboes now obsolete, the parts for which have, in recent performances, been rendered by viols. Even

Bach only assigned to the organ chorals from a figured bass, and with the exception of one or two movements, as in Handel's "Ode to St. Cecilia," we meet with no fully written organ part, before the one in the score of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." As I before stated, Bach, to a certain extent, orchestrated, especially the accompaniments to solos, with groups of the same family. Thus we sometimes find the harmonies of a piece sustained by two or even three and four flutes of different kinds; sometimes he would employ the oboes in a similar manner, the bass, however, being always sustained by the strings. Such a method gives an organ-like quietness to the orchestration. When the Lutheran church was founded, little or no provision was made for musical worship, but very soon chorales and the Psalm chants were used. The organ quickly became the favored instrument of Protestantism; and by Bach's time the orchestra had no place in the usual services, being only specially employed, as in his great church works.

In England the orchestral anthem held its place at the Chapel Royal for a while. Handel, when chapel-master to the Duke of Chandos at Cannons, wrote a number of anthems and some services, scored as his oratorios were for strings, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, and drums; though in the concert room he sometimes used flutes, horns, and other less common instruments. Though invented in Germany about 1604, that most valuable instrument, the clarinet, (which being played with a single reed, nevertheless springs from the chalumeau as the oboe family did), appears first in the scores of some of Bach's church cantatas, and it found no place in the English orchestra before about 1780.

Orchestral use continued to flourish in the Roman Church, especially in Austria, some parts of Italy and Germany, and in Belgium; in fact hardly a single Mass was written without orchestral accompaniments. How different has been the musical treatment of the Communion Services of the English and German Lutheran churches! The scores of the Masses of the great German composers from Haydn's time were based upon those of the Italian school immediately preceding the labors of the father of the modern orchestra. The combinations and the peculiarities of Bach's scores were neither reproduced nor imitated, and the low pitched flutes and oboes were speedily disused and forgotten. Haydn generally employed the complete group of strings, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, and drums. It is curious to observe the marked absence of the flutes from the church orchestra after Bach's time until quite recently, though the instrument was fairly cultivated elsewhere. In the interesting score of Haydn's Fourth Mass we find the organ specially employed in the not very dignified duty of imitating the absent flute, pretty groups of demisemiquavers being thus inserted in the "Et incarnatus est." This is almost the only special use Haydn made of the organ. Mozart usually had to write for churches with but limited means. His church scores include two violin parts, bassi, oboes, trumpets, and generally drums. The viola is often missing, and the clarinets are usually absent. Handel's skill in making the most of two violins has been commented upon, but for artistic work in this direction, he must give place, I think, to Mozart. His remarkable treatment of the two parts is specially seen in the complete harmony produced, the sonorous distribution of the chords, and great mastery over the technical-

ties of the violin. Two of Mozart's church scores deserve special notice. That of the motet "Splendete Te Deus," which is written for full orchestra, including the flutes, clarinets, and probably for the first time in modern church music the long banished trombones. The noble Requiem Mass is scored for the full set of strings, two corni di bassetti, or tenor clarinets, two fagotti, two trombe, three tromboni, and tympani. I am not going to enter into the question of the authorship of certain parts of this sublime work, but my conviction is that only Mozart could have conceived the poetical effects of the score. Everyone remembers the remarkable trombone obbligato part in the "Tuba mirum," the first solo for the instrument ever placed on paper, I believe. This is only one feature of many. It is less satisfactory to note that Mozart lent his great powers to an abuse of the church orchestra. The employment of artists in the private chapels did lead naturally to special performers being specially written for. In Mozart's Twelfth Mass, the authorship of which, however, is disputed, we note his efforts to display not only the principal singers but the oboist, witness the Benedictus. I do not wish to say that individual excellencies are not to be utilized, but I protest against the obvious display of mere executive skill in a church score. The subdued and poetical violin obbligato to be found in one of Mozart's motets, it is only fair to point to, as showing how well he knew how to judiciously avail himself of real artistic worth.

Beethoven viewed the Mass from his own severely conscientious point of sight. The indecently noisy "Kyries" and other jubilantly set solemn passages of Haydn and Mozart find no places in his scores; though we may fairly protest that his setting of the "Dona nobis pacem" is in both his Masses over-strained and over-orchestrated. The score of the Mass in C is for full orchestra, without the trombones. It is a model score, for the colors are everywhere carefully subordinated; and though one or two brief solo passages are given to the clarinet and other instruments, there is nowhere a too marked display of individuality. The score of the Mass in D is a gigantic conception; full of breadth, tenderness, majesty, and pathos. The whole of the resources of the modern orchestra are here employed. An instance of the instrumental obbligato occurs in the Benedictus, the violin having the special part. In the "Sanctus" we find, after the manner of Mozart, the grand sacerdotal accent of the trombones. These instruments were but little used before this period; and though employed by Handel in his Funeral Marches, and mentioned by Haydn as being newly introduced into the orchestra, we owe to Mozart the sombre grand pronunciation of the heavier brass instruments. Gluck had previously used them, but with a fierce and savage expression. As a fine instance of the organ-like use of a mass of strings, I would notice the prelude to the Benedictus of Beethoven's greatest church work, from which Wagner probably took a hint in scoring an exquisite passage descriptive of a peaceful old world Sunday morning. Beethoven makes no provision for the use of the organ in either of his Services. Such neglect is not only to be regretted as an overlooking of the special faculties of the organ to which I have alluded, but because such a master would have given us thoughts worthy of the instrument.

Schubert wrote several fine masses. These were scored for bands of the calibre which Mozart had to write for. One indeed has, like Purcell's "Te Deum," only two trumpets to represent the wind department. It is curious to notice also, as in Mozart, the absence of the viola in several works, and the nearly equal skill with which Schubert makes two violins cover almost the ground usually taken up by three upper string parts. This composer's first church score is the Mass in E flat, written for full orchestra, including trombones, but curi-

ously excluding the flutes. One movement contains a fine and early employment in church music of the upper register of the violoncelli. Weber's two Masses are crowded with well considered instrumental points; his pet instruments, the clarinet, bassoon, and horn, being specially cared for. The score of the well known Mass in G has two points of importance to the student, the religiously-toned chords for two bassoons and two horns accompanying the soprano solo "Et incarnatus est," and the lofty burst of harmony from four horns resting upon the low notes of the bassi in the Sanctus. The attempt to sustain the first chorus of the Credo with only two clarinets and two bassoons is a failure. Some of Hummel's church scores are of interest. The Mass in B flat employs strings, most of the wood wind, but only two brass instruments, with the drums, the two trumpets. Splendid service to the cause of church music was rendered by Mendelssohn in different ways; he, however, wrote little orchestrated service music, possibly through his Lutheran predilections. As a charming piece of scoring his "Da pacem Domine" should be mentioned. The wind used, clarinets, bassoons, and horns, are employed in a broad organ-like manner.

The orchestral use has been for ages only occasional in France. Grand Mass is still celebrated there with only the unison Plain Song, at times relieved by an indulgence in a little of the old feeble "faux bourdon;" accompanied, however, generally by bass brass instruments, and otherwise by a number of violoncelli and contrabassi for the most part used in the unison. Of course the chancel and nave organs are employed in these services. An orchestral mass is there a distinct musical service, and is regarded as a specially artistic display. The great church scores of Cherubini, written for his adopted country, are of interest. He employed the full orchestra, but was sparing in the use of brass. The March written for the Coronation of Charles the Tenth is a favorite instance of his broad, simple, earnest manner of orchestrating for the church. The only brass instruments here employed are two horns, and that instrument favored of France, the ophicleide. The scores of his Requiem Masses are extremely picturesque, not to say dramatic; yet throughout there is a subdued manner and an absence of restless love of tone change, only realized by the master who knows what to leave undone as well as what to do. Cherubini's string parts are splendid models to church composers of solid, elegant writing. I add with regret that Cherubini also neglected the organ.

There is in the library of the Roman church, as elsewhere, a strange want of appropriate instrumental movements corresponding with the organ voluntaries. There is in this direction great scope for composers. The custom abroad, as here at present, is the use of Symphony movements for such purposes, and I am sorry to add even marches and opera overtures. Haydn's pathetic movements originally written for strings only, and afterwards remodelled as the Oratorio "The Seven Last Words," must be mentioned as the almost solitary contribution to the stores of instrumental church music made in modern times. These touching adagios were written to be played during a Good Friday meditative service in Seville Cathedral. During Advent and Lent the Roman Church denies herself the use of instrumental music, at least during Mass. However, several settings of the grand old hymn "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" should be mentioned. That of Pergolesi, for two voices only, is scored for strings with an "ad libitum" figured bass. Haydn and others, setting this same hymn, employed larger orchestral means. I need not say that Rossini's popular but very theatrical setting was scored for an orchestra of the largest size, and was written for a wealthy Spanish Monastery. The oratorio of the church became the property of the Protestant branch, but was almost completely neglected from the time of Bach, until its revival in Mendelssohn's "St.

Paul." It is unnecessary to say that its peculiar feature was the congregational chorale.

The real home of the oratorio is the church. Spohr was greatly struck with the effect of his own work "The Last Judgment" when heard thus. In England the Oratorio did not appear in church until late in the last century, when a number of festival meetings were instituted or held as separate events. But in these cases the Oratorio was too much regarded from the entertainment point of sight. We owe a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Barnby, Dr. Stainer, and others who have assisted in the late Bach revivals, in placing the Oratorio in its true position as a meditative and uplifting form of service music. I sympathize with those who deplore the extinction of our old village church orchestras; for notwithstanding their incompleteness and defective execution, they might, with care, have been of use in paving the way towards a better recognition of orchestral use. It is a matter of curiosity that the clarinet, so recently introduced into England, should so soon have found its way into the country church bands. The clarinet, however, is a pre-eminently useful instrument, and its tone being more subdued and less piquant than that of the oboe, it is a more satisfactory accompaniment to the voice.

Very little orchestral church music was produced in this country during the first half of the present century. Attwood wrote for the coronation of George the Fourth an effective anthem, admirably scored for the complete modern orchestra. Coronations and Royal Weddings seem always to have been celebrated with orchestral use. I must once more turn to France to notice the remarkable score of M. Gounod's fine Grand Mass written in 1853. Among much of interest must be noticed the poetical restoration of that ancient instrument, the harp. Its employment in the work I am speaking of to the words "Et vitam venturi seculi," is a stroke of genius, even though one allows it is quite a French attempt to realize prevailing and orthodox notions of the celestial music. One of the many good things Dr. Stainer has done for the art was the re-introduction of the orchestra into St. Paul's Cathedral at the "Sons of Clergy" Festival of 1873. He then, too, attempted to solve the rather difficult question as to the use of the orchestra in chanting. The experiment was, I think, judiciously confined to the "Glorias" of the Psalms. It is not desirable that instruments should be used with the organ for chanting, the words being rendered more indistinct by instrumental additions, and the players' difficulties in following the recitations are not slight. But it is possible effectively to use the orchestra in the Psalm "Glorias." The band in many ways can be grandly employed in accompanying hymn tunes, and where processional and recessional hymns are used, certain of the wind instruments, as in olden times, can with advantage attend the choristers. Bach's oratorios are now rapidly taking their places in church. Haydn's "Seven Last Words" has been heard satisfactorily in Manchester Cathedral under Mr. Pyne, the organist, and at St. Peter's, Bayswater, under the direction of Mr. F. M. Lott.

Orchestral use has found utterance at St. Stephen's, Lewisham, St. James's, Hatcham, and many other churches. Some few years ago Dr. Sullivan experimented at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, with trumpets and trombones; the same instruments had, indeed, been previously used with the organ in one or two provincial towns. Among a now goodly number of orchestral services mention must be made of useful and highly effective settings of the evening canticles by Dr. Stainer, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. E. Prout (who has also contributed a fine organ concerto to the store of instrumental music available in church), and very recently by Mr. H. J. Stark. Mention must also be made of a communion service by Mr. W. S. Hoyte. Lately we have had in the way of accompanying Plain Song, bold attempts to in-

introduce masses of modern valve brass instruments. Such a return to the old cornet and sackbut practices may have some good results; but it is not the solution of the church orchestra question. Only a judicious use of the full orchestra, wisely tempered by the organ, can realize the artistic conception of a complete and perfect musical service. There are two difficulties not to be passed over: these are tuning of instruments, and their position in church. Strings bring the most serious tuning difficulties with them, and are played with what, in church, looks like an unseemly amount of action. With discreet artists the tuning difficulty may be greatly reduced; especially if such care is backed by a little firmness on the part of the director. If the music is really to be satisfactorily rendered, the instruments must be tuned first, before entering church; and then tried with, it should be, as little ostentation as possible after the players have taken their places. In ancient times both singers and players occupied in great churches, as in great halls, the minstrel gallery, which in church, however, was usually placed on one side of the chancel. There are three ways of facing the difficulty of position satisfactorily. One is to place the orchestra out of sight, another to boldly fix the orchestra with the choir; and, if surpluses are the rule, to surplice the instrumentalists; and another, and common position abroad, is that of the western gallery with the organ, in which position the players are but little seen, having the congregation in front of them. For many reasons I prefer to see the orchestra placed with the choir in the chancel. One serious point must not be overlooked, if orchestral use is to be encouraged: that is, the importance of making the players actually take part in the service, and not, so to speak, play outside it.

Notwithstanding differences of church discipline, and types of religious feeling which have in one direction tended towards the orchestra, and in the other sanctioned the use of the organ alone, there has ever been a yearning for the use of all instruments in the grandest acts of public worship, and a strong belief that such worship must be the highest type we can offer of that complete and final worship which shall be heard in the song of the Redeemer. Orchestral use should be the rule, not only at festivals, but on every Sunday in the Cathedrals and principal churches. In no case should instruments be employed, however, otherwise than in a subordinate sense; thus it is first necessary to greatly strengthen our choirs. The custom of introducing into small churches complete orchestras without either sufficient voices or strings, is to be earnestly deprecated, as liable to turn a solemn act before God into an exciting revel of vulgar sounds. Now the religious world is awakening to a better estimate of the real value of worship music, let our composers bestir themselves, and with a deep sense of responsibility and a complete knowledge of the effects of orchestral coloring on the hearts and souls of men, raise up a noble school of orchestral church music. Such music should be unfettered in style, yet grandly contrapuntal in detail; vivid in expression, yet ever reserved in manner. To this end the strings should be chiefly relied upon, and the organ must be specially written for. It may be urged that a composer finds his hands full enough in handling only the orchestra; but the successful writer of church music must learn to place the king and emperor side by side, as the high conditions to be fulfilled in worship music are only to be realized by perfectly combining the emotional life and splendid colors of the orchestra with the calm majesty and abiding solemnity of the organ, and by subordinating both these vast powers to the fitting and reverent expression of the words of life, which expression must now, and for ever, spring from hearts and voices.

THE PURCELL CONCERT AT LIVERPOOL. The inaugural concert of the Liverpool Sacred Harmonic Society

took place, last night, at the College Hall, in Shaw Street, and afforded great delight to a very large audience. With the exception of a few organ performances by the indefatigable Mr. Jude, the programme consisted entirely of Purcell's anthems, and these were rendered with great ability by the small but well drilled and vocally powerful chorus of the new society, assisted by several soloists in the verse parts, which give to many of Henry Purcell's anthems, in performance, all the interest and majesty of oratorio music of the highest class.

Before the concert commenced, Mr. W. L. Rushton introduced the enterprise in a brief speech, in which he bore testimony to the zeal of the learned and enthusiastic conductor, Mr. Jude, and to the earnest studies of the members of the society, thus creating anticipations which it is satisfactory to say were not disappointed. After Mr. Jude had performed Sir George Elvey's spirited *Festal March*, the first anthem, "Rejoice in the Lord Alway," was taken. It is for three voices and chorus, and was sung with good effect, the verses being sustained by Messrs. J. L. and T. J. Hughes and Mr. C. W. Robinson. Description must be very close to convey any idea of the magical and angelic beauty of Purcell's cathedral music, which, if one closes one's eyes, seems to rear above and around in a fairy fabric all the much-loved memories of those matchless scenes of architectural beauty with which such strains are associated. At most only a point here and there can be noted—for instance, the delicious repetition in the "Rejoice" anthem of the words "Again I say rejoice," and the musical phrase to which they are set. Simple as is the resource, the effect is a thing to dream of. In the second anthem, "O God, Thou art my God," was afforded a fine specimen of Purcell's fuller style, and the same observation applies to the "Be merciful unto me, O God." But probably the work which told best in the first part was the anthem for two voices and chorus—composed to celebrate the preservation of the Duke of York in a storm—"They that go down to the sea in ships." There is a bold rolling organ introduction. Then comes a descriptive solo by the bass voice, and next a duet between alto and bass in three movements. Some portions of this duet are quaint, but as a whole it is delightfully melodious, and the parts are wonderfully, as it were, written for each other. One of Purcell's happiest thoughts is at the words, "So that the waves thereof are still," where one of the singers holds on a prolonged note while the others come in softly and distinctly with the word "still." The concluding chorus is exuberant in its realization of unclouded gratitude and joy. In the course of the first part of the programme, Mr. Jude rendered Sir Robert Stewart's concert fantasia in D minor with great facility and variety, and the choice of it did as much honor to him as the justice of his execution did to its sterling merits. We may at once sum up Mr. Jude's solo performances by recording his thorough rhythmic and singer-like success in Sterndale Bennett's *Barcarole* from the 4th Concerto, and an equally remarkable rendering of the extract, "Who-e'er drinketh," from the same composer's "Woman of Samaria"—an episode which goes far to rank Sir Sterndale Bennett's music with the purest fountains of sacred melody.

The second part of the programme, however, was to witness the great achievement of the night. "O sing unto the Lord" had not only the advantage of being the finest, and at the same time the most popular anthem of the list, but that of being given in the solo verses with special sweetness and point, particularly by Mrs. Hobart, who has a very charming voice, and an artistic manner of using it. It was imperatively encoined, and repeated throughout. This anthem is almost a sacred drama, or at least a very elaborate scene of musical triumph on the most magnificent scale; and its variety is not less striking than its power. The passage for the four voices, in which the words "telling of his salvation from day to day" are so wonderfully treated, is a marvel of masterly simplicity, or of simple elements scientifically combined into a perfect expression of sentiment; but perhaps even this yields in beauty to the duet between the air and the alto, "The Lord is great," the piquant sweetness of which may be remembered and longed for, but cannot be described. It was in this that Mrs. Hobart particularly distinguished herself; and her partner, the alto, though nervous, sang in very excellent spirit, and made many points very suitably. The basso had a good voice, but his singing decidedly lacked finish. Indeed, if the concert of last night left anything conspicuously to be desired, it was that one might hear the same music given with the splendid power with which Purcell in his conceptions evidently endowed the singers of his bass parts. The concert concluded with the exquisitely poetical "My beloved spake," embodying some of the most beautiful images drawn from nature in the Song of Solomon. What could be more thrilling than the half-mournful, "The rain is over and gone," followed by the buoyant, "The flowers appear?" The composer must have had a dramatic musical faculty such as few have rivalled him in, though he never strayed from the delicate suggestiveness of music proper to the antic mimicry of lesser sacred lyrics. —*Liverpool Daily Post*.

The Guerzenich Concerts at Cologne.

It is a great advantage for a concert when the very first number is so selected that, with constantly increasing strength, it drives before it the prose of everyday thoughts, and, at one stroke, throws the public into an exalted musical frame of mind. This consideration, probably, decided the selection of the *Euryanthe* Overture; for, if any overtures

ever forced their way by their splendid and heroic nature into the musical heart, Weber's overtures do so, especially when performed in the fiery and spirited manner by which our orchestra, under Hiller's guidance, have rendered them their own. But the following number, "Palm-Sonntag-Morgen" ("Palm Sunday Morning," by Ferdinand Hiller, for soprano, female chorus, and orchestra, scarcely required to have the way thus prepared for it. It conquers by itself, thanks to its unforced, flowing, natural melody. Hiller's peculiar talent for combining the various tone-colors, more especially of women's voices, requires no special acknowledgment here; numerous creations of his in this branch of the art are lovingly remembered by everyone fond of music. Whenever we hear one of them, our senses are captivated afresh.

To pass from the composer to the solo player, Hiller now seated himself at the piano, and played Mozart's *Pianoforte Concerto* in D minor (completed on the 10th February, 1788, and entered as Op. 54). Considered in reference to the pianoforte technique of the present day, Mozart's Concertos are, it is true, almost child's play, for Mozart did not strive after technical difficulties—they would have obscured in him beauty of form and clearness of thought; but it requires, nevertheless, a thorough master, a truly musical mind, capable of appreciating Mozart, to convey to us all the poetry of Mozart's language. Hiller possesses this qualification in the highest degree; he possesses, also, technically, the precise gift which Mozart needs in those who play his concertos; a quiet, steady hand, under which the quick passages "flow like oil." For these reasons we know no better interpreter of Mozart's Concertos than Ferdinand Hiller; with his soft touch the notes sing. The cadences in the first movement and the third were extemporized. We have often fought against the pedantry of cadences—but we like cadences of this description; they are tributes to the purport of the tone-language, and not to purportless virtuosity. That the liveliest gratitude rewarded the master for his performance is a fact we need not mention; the public here congratulate themselves beforehand whenever Hiller seats himself at the piano.

Mdme. Anna Regan-Schimon, from Leipsic, took part as soloist in Hiller's work, but not so audibly and distinctly as to enable us to form an opinion of her efforts. It was not till she now sang in really solo vocal compositions, without any chorus to drown her notes, that her good qualities were fully apparent. She first gave an aria, "Zephyretten, leicht gekleidet," from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, then a Canzone of the last century, and, lastly, two songs, "Nachklingen" and "Vergiss mein nicht"—very pretty pictures of feeling—by Heinrich Hoffmann. Any one of us in Cologne hearing the name of Anna Regan thinks at once of Schubert's "Haideröslin," with which the lady once transported us at the Ullmann Concerts, and immediately we heard the first note of the present Mdme. Regan-Schimon, we immediately recognized her who was once simply Anna Regan. Still the same voice, small, and, in its thinness, almost sylph-like, but clear, crystalline, and pure as a bell—only with a tendency, formerly not characteristic of it, towards a warmer vibrato, a fact which does not strike us as a step in the wrong direction. There is something especially naive and almost childlike in the quality of Mdme. Schimon's organ, and when she sings German songs as she does sing them, with a slight tremor in her voice, we feel under the influence of a particular spell. Mdme. Regan-Schimon knows nothing of over-powering pathos, or of demoniacal fervor; she merely looks at you with her mild, gazelle eyes. But her gentle glance discourses an eloquent language. Even the sunniest picture, however, is not free from shade. When vociferous applause demanded more, and the "Haideröslin" probably floated like a coveted prize before the eyes of all present, Mdme. Regan-Schimon sang—a Romance by Victor Massé, the new musical genius of the French, very pleasing, with a great deal about "soupirer" and "aimer," but not a German song, possessing "soul" which one could understand. Why this mixing up of the Cologne Gürzenich and a Parisian salon?

In the First Part of the Concert we must yet mention as a concerted piece a Chorus of Druids, from Sacchini's unfinished opera, *Arriviero ed Evelina*. Antonio Maria Gasparo Sacchini was born in 1734, at Puzzuoli, near Naples, and died in 1786, at Paris, where he was highly esteemed as the principal composer for the Italian Opera. He was a pupil of

"Immediately we heard,"—a Cockneyism for "as soon as we heard."

Durante's, and subsequently, as long as he was attached to the Conservatory of St. Maria of Loretto, at Naples, Cimarosa's master. Though he belonged exclusively to the Neapolitan school founded by Scarlatti, which gave undue prominence to the cantilena in Italian opera, as known to us at the present day, we cannot fail to recognize in Sacchini's works the German influence of Gluck. The choral piece: "Milde, süsse Harmonie," does honor to its opening words, while it is marked by such nobility of treatment, and so free from Italian manner, that it might, without offence, be inserted at the present day in a high mass. Such music was formerly called *operatic*!

To conclude the concert there was a new Symphony, No. 2, in C minor, by Carl Reinecke, the director of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, a musician who, as teacher in the Cologne Conservatory in the years 1852-1854, is well known to, and esteemed by all the older musical amateurs in this city. From Cologne, Reinecke went as Musical-Director to Barmen, thence to Breslau, and finally to Leipzig, to enter upon the duties he at present fulfils there. On hearing the Symphony, we were involuntarily struck by the thought that there must be some sort of a programme at the bottom of it. We afterwards learned that we were correct in our surmise. In the preface to his score, Reinecke says that the latter owes its existence to his having read a drama, *Hæcon Jarl*, by Oehlenschläger. Though, as he informs us, he had no wish to write absolute programme-music, it would, he adds, perhaps facilitate our comprehension of the work if we inscribed the first movement: "The Hero: Hæcon Jarl;" the second (Andante, B major): "Thora;" the third (Intermezzo): "In Obin's Grove;" and the fourth (Alta breve, C major): "Oluf's Victory." These titles sufficiently explain a great deal; but we would fain ask why was not the requisite information printed with the programme? It was certainly the interest of the composer to render the comprehension of his work as easy as possible for the public. The third movement and the fourth convey, it is true, their meaning pretty clearly, but that a hero stood sponsor for the first, and a woman for the second—a picture in Brahms's manner—is not so self-evident. The Symphony, however, is the clever production of a clever musician. It is masterly in form, nay, a perfect model, though, perhaps, not particularly original as regards the thoughts. The way in which the motives are carried out is in the highest degree captivating; we recognize a master exercising full sway over the language of music and never at a loss for the proper expression. In our public, the Symphony found appreciative hearts.—*London Musical World, (from the Kölnische Zeitung.)*

Woman as a Musician.*

*** Music, though in one sense a mathematical abstraction, and based on exact science, like other arts, is wholly original and self-existent. It is not reproductive and imitative, as are the plastic arts to a certain extent; its object is higher than that of mere reflection; it aims at expressing those emotions and aspirations, which are awakened in thinking and feeling humanity by the passions and events of life and time, or by the contemplation and comprehension of the order, proportion, unity, variety, power, terror, beauty, symmetry, profundity and immensity of the universe. It is the most transcendental of all arts, for it is a purely metaphysical outward manifestation of the inward soul; it is the most complex of all arts, for at once it is vague, definite, and infinitely precise; it is the most ideal of all arts, for it is the beautiful result of unshaken faith in progress towards perfection, and is itself almost a religion, in its purity and sublimity. In the evanescent, intangible form of music, from small materials yet vast possibilities, the human heart and mind have gradually evoked a language, a science, an art, compared with whose simple means and immense results, the miraculous creations of the fabulous magicians of antiquity would appear cold, pale, aimless and meaningless.

I shall now endeavor to sketch the share of woman—which art history has until now neglected to point out, fully and separately—in this gradual, historical development of music to the point of pre-eminence where we find it in our own day. Woman

* From "Woman as a Musician: an Art-Historical Study," by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. Read before the Centennial Congress, in Philadelphia, of the "Association for the Advancement of Woman." Published in pamphlet form by Edward Schuberth & Co., New York.

an's voice certainly united in the chants and hymns that echoed through the caves and deserts to which the early Christians fled in order to celebrate their worship; though afterwards, in the 16th century, she was cast out as an official musician from the prosperous church, we know that in the early, persecuted church, she bore her part as singer as well as martyr; whether she had any share in the composition of those early chants in which she practically united, is doubtful, and will forever remain unknown. In the middle ages, woman was the universal martyr; forgot by others, she forgot herself. It was not until the end of the 14th century, that women began to be anything more than the toys of the higher, the beasts of burden among the lower classes. That mediæval epoch must have been an epoch of darkness, ignorance, oppression and despair for women of low station—the great majority of women, in short, who, finding themselves almost wholly unprotected by law or opinion, fled for safety to the pretended practice of magic. Discovering that the superstitious fears of men would invest them with a sort of protection, they affected to become witches, though they knew that torture and death awaited them if they were betrayed. The early church even condemned those women to the death of the sorceress, who dared "to cure other sick than those of their own families, unless they had previously studied medicine." And to what opprobrium would they not have been subjected then, had those anxious mothers, wives, sisters, then dared to enter a school of medicine for the purpose of studying the healing art! Yet, when the famous doctor Paracelsus burned the tomes of Arabic, Greek, and Jewish medicine, he declared that he had not learned anything of physic worth retaining, except from the sorceresses, whose medicines were principally vegetable. The few historical clues we possess, lead us most unwillingly to the conclusion that the first timid steps of woman within the portals of this new art were rather trammelled, than encouraged and assisted; and if any trace of woman as a musician remains from the era of mediæval sorcery, witch-burning, and the slow overcoming of popular superstition by means of philosophy and natural science, it is to be found in the folk-songs, those beautiful memorials of individual and national life, composed and written by anonymous singers and poets among the people. It is almost impossible to believe that women traversed that long period of persecution, struggle, despair, hope, and aspiration, without giving voice to their emotions; and as national and peasant folk-songs are traditionally said to have been nearly always composed by the persons who first sang them, and as women have always been their most zealous performers, it is only fair to suppose that they have also had something to do with their composition as well as with their poetry. It would be unnatural to think that the beautiful lullabies and cradle songs, of which hundreds exist, in different languages and nationalities, were composed by martial barons, rough serving-men, or rougher peasants, and not by their wives or daughters; we know that in Béarn, in Ireland, in the Basque provinces, and elsewhere, women have always been preferred as the vocal eulogists of the departed, in funeral songs; nor could the sibyllic utterances of Druid priestesses, the terrible incantations and magic songs of the early sorceresses, have been invented by others than themselves. And the melancholy wife of the serf, watching her flocks on the green hills, or gathering wood for her hearth amid the implacable brambles,—and the lonely lady of the castle, spinning or embroidering her cunning tapestries while she waited, sometimes for years, the return of her father, husband, brother, lover,—and then the anxious women of the fisher people,—did they indeed endure their sorrows voicelessly?—I cannot believe it; I have no doubt but that many of those simple, touching, heart-breaking melodies and poems were of women's creation. This question is a novel one; but, since the comparatively recent study of philology has been the source of many unexpected revelations, further study of the musical branch of historical investigation will throw light on many points that have hitherto remained obscure.

But, though woman's share in the authorship of these folk-songs is uncertain, she has had considerable part in their compilation from the mouths of the people, who, unable to read or write, have handed them down, *visa voce*, through centuries. Fernan Caballero (recently deceased) has collected a number of Spanish popular songs; the Countess of Dufferin and Miss Brooke have translated many Irish folk-songs from the original Celtic into English; the Countess de la Villemarqué was of the

greatest assistance to her son in making his famous collection of Breton songs; Coussemaker wrote down the larger part of his interesting Flemish songs from the lips of the poor lace makers of Holland; Madame George Sand says that she has seen Chopin and Madame Viardot Garcia spending hours in noting down the wild melodies sung by the peasant women of the French provinces; Rivarès, in his collection of Béarnais folk-songs, gives a funeral song improvised by Marie, one of the most famous recent songstresses of the valley of Aspe in Béarn. Marie's striking, healthy beauty, which, as well as her voice, she preserved to a great age, her lively imagination, her lofty character, and the high opinion she entertained of the nobility of her profession, rendered her a lovely modern embodiment of the antique Pythoness. When Goethe's fine translation of a Servian folk-song, "The complaint of the noble wife of Hassan Aga," drew the attention of poetical and musical Europe to the wonderful beauty of Servian folk-songs, a lady was among the first of those who attempted to preserve these monuments of national character, tradition and emotion, from the invading or effacing influences of change or oblivion, by means of the printing press. Fraulein von Jakob, afterwards the wife of an American professor, collected and published a large number of Servian folk-songs, which she translated into German from the original. In her compilation, as well as in those made by subsequent Slavonic, Italian and German literateurs, it is impossible not to be struck by the indescribable poetic loveliness of the Servian "Women's Songs," bearing, as these do, the stamp of Hindoo and Greek antiquity, as well as after invasion, conquest, emigration, and national change. And in studying the folk-songs of the Arabians—which, being yet unversed in Arabic, I only know by means of Spanish, Italian, German or French translations, scattered, few and far between, through scarce and rare old collections of national music now in my possession,—I have been struck by the poetic delicacy of feeling in regard to women, which these fragments of the antique glory of a people who held poetic tournaments at Mecca and elsewhere, before the 5th century, display; but which, perhaps, need not so much surprise us when we remember that an Arabian queen, Balkis, of Saba, or Sheba, possessed knowledge enough to venture on visiting king Solomon, son of the musical king David, for the purpose of proving the genuineness of his learning "by hard questions," and that the reputation of that literary and artistic queen impelled the royal amateur to make splendid and tasteful demonstrations for her reception and in her honor. Was queen Balkis a feminine, unique phenomenon, or was she only one of a class of cultivated women among the Arabian aristocracy of that day?

It is well known that the subtle vein of feeling in regard to women, which permeates Celtic and Arabic folk song, was in part appropriated by the troubadours during the epoch of the crusades. Without pursuing this part of my subject further at present (which I have already treated in a series of essays "On the music and poetry of the troubadours," originally published in the New York Weekly Review, and shortly to appear in collected form), I must observe the remarkable fact that a number of ladies of rank, wives, sisters, or daughters of troubadours, generally, became *trouveresses*, as they were called. Marie de France, and Clara d'Anduse, were among the most famous of these. In spite of the narrow educational resources then open to ladies even of the highest rank, and the restricted circle of their lives, we find, in the poetry of the *trouveresses*, as much apparent truthfulness and impassioned depth of feeling as in that of the troubadours, though betraying more negligence of treatment; while their melodies evince a greater want of finish and clearness of form than do those of the troubadours. Among the minstrels, followers of the troubadours, a few songstresses, generally the wives or daughters of minstrels, were trained to sing their male companions' songs by rote. From some of the old minstrel ballads it is possible to form an idea of the characters of these women; in a song by Colin Muset, a minstrel who flourished in the 13th century, he mentions his settled home, cook, groom, valet, etc., and represents his wife and daughter as industriously engaged in spinning, on his return from one of his tours; but the language with which they greet him, and which he doubtless copied from life without reflection, betrays uneducated minds, and commonplace habits of thought and action.

By a singular contradiction, though the church forbade women, throughout mediæval times, and by

actual prohibition in the 16th century, to take any active musical part in its services,—as I have already mentioned,—a feminine saint was adopted as patroness of music, and especially of church music. The life of Saint Cecilia, though narrated in the Golden Legend, is, however, partly mythical. We know that the lady so familiar to all lovers of art and poetry as Saint Cecilia, really existed and died a martyr; but it is uncertain whether Rome or Sicily was the scene of her death, and the date of that event varies in the narrations of various authorities. In regard to her musical attainments, we only know with any certainty, that she was in the habit of sweetly singing pious songs. If we search still further back in what I may term the primeval epoch of musical art, we find the Greek poetess Sappho to have been credited as the inventress of the so-called mixolydian mode in music, and also of a (then) new musical instrument, the pectis or magadis. And Miriam, the prophetess, who went out dancing and singing, the timbrel in her hand, who can say that her song of triumph was not her own composition?

But, to advance to the early days of modern music,—banished from active musical participation in the church service, woman's practical career as a public artist only began with the invention of the opera, about A. D. 1600. It was not until her superiority as an actress and singer had been undeniably and triumphantly established on the stage, that she reconquered her musical share in the religious service. And what great distinction in such a position woman has won for herself during the past 200 years! Volumes have been written on those opera singers, many of whose very names, as they echo through the pages of history, are in themselves romance and poetry, recalling as they do, the gifts, charms, accomplishments, charities, virtues, errors, adventures, and caprices of their possessors.

I shall only allude to a very few of these ladies; and one of the first mentioned in history we find to have been Vittoria Archilei, a highly accomplished musician at the court of Florence in 1600, and who took part in the first Italian opera that was composed and represented in public. Faustina Bordoni, born in 1700, wife of the famous composer Hasse, was one of the greatest artists that ever lived; medals were struck in her name, and societies established in her honor. Her rival, Regina Mingotti, whose portrait now stands in the Dresden Gallery, delighted the historian, Dr. Burney, by her freshness of voice at a very advanced old age, as well as by her power of conversing with equal elegance in five languages. Madame Mara, the favorite singer of Frederick the Great and of Marie Antoinette, enchanted Europe for nearly fifty years; at the age of seventy she still sang in public, though the power of her voice had vastly declined; some years afterwards, the great poet Goethe wrote a poem in honor of her birthday. Caterina Gabrielli, the pupil of Metastasio, excited her audiences to alternate frenzies of admiration and anger, with her voice, beauty, caprices and adventures. When Catharine of Russia complained to the singer that her emoluments were far higher than those of the Field Marshals of the Empire, Madame Gabrielli replied, "Then your Majesty must try to make the Field Marshals sing!" Madame Catalani, born in 1779, possessed a trumpet-like power of voice; in London she received twelve hundred dollars for singing the solo in "God save the King," and twelve thousand dollars for assisting at one musical festival. Mrs. Billington, a blooming Englishwoman, far removed in physical and mental characteristics from the popularly received idea of a sorceress, was accused by the superstitious Neapolitans of causing the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1794, by her wonderful vocal powers, and the excitement they produced in Naples. M. Thiers has translated the autobiography of Mrs. Billington into the French language. Another gifted and beautiful singer, Agnes Schebest, published an interesting autobiography ("Aus dem Leben einer Künstlerin") about twenty years ago. Mrs. Sheridan, too (the wife of the dramatist), whose personal beauty and thrilling voice have been celebrated by poets and painters, was also remarkable for her poetic talent. Of Miss Stephens, the ballad singer, it was said that her power over the hearts of others arose from the depth of her own feeling, and the warmth and sensitiveness with which this informed her charming voice. Miss Stephens afterwards married the Earl of Essex. If I am not mistaken, the countess is still living.

I might long continue to enumerate such instances of genius and success in public songstresses; but any musical student can search for them in the

standard Italian, French, German, and English dictionaries and biographies of musical art.

And who cannot recall, from the descriptions of older persons, or from memory, the accomplishments of more recent artists? Who has not heard or heard of the rich voiced Mrs. Wood, the fascinating Malibran, the impassioned Madame Devrient—of whom it has been said that "she never sang an inferior song in public during her whole life,"—the charming Sontag and Patti, the intellectual Madame Lind, the exquisite Madame Nilsson?

Madame George Sand, in her art-novel "Consuelo," has drawn, with that poetic charm and persuasive force of style that belong to her supremely, the ideal character of a pure and noble artist woman, too deeply imbued by lofty enthusiasm for her fine vocation, to barter its true principles for transitory success, social flattery, or pecuniary advantage. This character has been in some measure realized in the persons of two ladies yet living, Madame Viardot-Garcia, the singer, sister of Malibran, and Madame Clara Schumann, the pianist, and widow of the composer Schumann.

That many of the famous songstresses of past days were capable of interpreting the works of composers in an almost independently creative manner, the scores of old operas prove. In many of these the melody is reduced to a mere thread, in order to give the songstress perfect liberty in varying the theme according to the passion and action of the poetry she was to interpret. But it is impossible for the most ardent disciple of woman's progress to point to such a galaxy of celebrities among female composers, as may be placed, without losing their brilliancy, beside the names that add lustre to womanhood in other branches of art, and in literature.

In musical composition we cannot boast stars of such distinction as Mrs. Browning, Heloise, Mrs. Lewes, Mrs. Siddons, Mme. Sand, Rosa Bouheur, Aspasia, Miss Cushman, Mme. de Staël, Miss Brontë, Dora d'Istria, Miss Thompson, the nun Roswitha, Fernan Caballero, and all the rest. The list of feminine composers is a brief one, and most of its members are now living. There was the princess Amalia, of Prussia, sister of Frederick the Great, who composed operas and cantatas; Leopoldine Blahetka (daughter of a professor of mathematics in Vienna), who published more than 70 pianoforte pieces and songs, some of which were greatly admired by Beethoven; Josephine Lang, the friend of Mendelssohn, who composed a number of charming songs; Madame Farnenc, whose inspiration and science attained masculine proportions; Mrs. Fanny Hensel, sister of Mendelssohn; Louise Puget, whose vocal romances lately enjoyed an enormous popularity in France, and won a large fortune for their composer; Mme. Schumann and Mme. Garcia, who have composed some fine works, though few; Madame Dolby in England; Virginia Gabriel, the balladist; Elise Polko, who, carefully educated as a singer, lost her voice prematurely, then wrote for many years a number of novelettes, and now appears before the world as a song composer; and a few other ladies.

But women have only lately realized the depth and strength of the science of music, and what long years of severe mental discipline and scientific training are necessary in order to master the art of composition. This is not much to the dishonor of their courage and patience, indeed, for a comparatively small number of musical students among the other sex in America are willing to devote themselves to such self-sacrificing study; too many who do commence it become discouraged when they begin to understand the amount of labor required, and the thorough training necessary to insure perfect development to their talent for composition, and lasting fame to its results. Mathematics, acoustics, psychology, languages, as well as general literary acquirements, the practice and technicalities of several instruments, and the science of music, must all be mastered by the aspirant in composition, and gradually, through the application and assimilation of long years of study, become the "second nature" of his mind. It may be some encouragement to the sincere student to know that the grandest original idea of a Handel or a Mozart demanded as perfect working out, as fine polishing, as the smallest fancy that ever issued from the brain of a ballad writer. And why should not women of sufficient intellectual and especial ability to warrant the possibility of their obtaining honorable distinction, make an effort, and, discarding the absurd idea that composition is an affair of instinct, study to compose for immortality also? There is surely a feminine side of composition, as of every other art. And I would suggest the adoption of the science of composition

as an elective, if not obligatory, branch of the higher course of study in ladies' colleges. From actual personal experience, I do not hesitate to pronounce it equal—merely as a mental discipline—to mathematics, while it enriches the mind to a far higher degree, and is far more likely to prove of practical benefit to women in after life, than the study of the other science.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, DEC. 23, 1876. Since my previous communication quite a number of musical events require attention. First of these is the concert of the Beethoven Society given in McCormick hall, Dec. 14. The programme was:

1. "Toggenburg," a cycle of ballads (for solo voices and chorus)..... Rheinberger
2. Romanza for Cello..... Popper
Mr. Eichhelm.
3. "Landing of the Pilgrims" (Chorus)... F. W. Root
4. "Ah! Rendimi quel Cor"..... Rossi
Miss Ella A. White.
5. Concerto for Pianoforte (in G minor), (with Quintet accompaniment)..... Mendelssohn
Mrs. L. H. Watson.
6. "Comala," (Dramatic Poem)..... Gade
Solo voices and Chorus.

This programme was noticeable for its novelties; for such were all the numbers except the fifth; and in this respect it does great credit to the director, Mr. Wolfsohn. It was, however, too long, and especially placed Gade's beautiful cantata at a disadvantage by bringing it so late in the evening, it lacking but about ten minutes of ten o'clock when the *Comala* was begun.

Strictly speaking, the performances at such concerts as this, and those of the Apollo club, do not form a proper subject of criticism, since they are not public, but given before the associate members only; besides, in the present case they were the work of amateurs. Nevertheless they may be discussed from an educational standpoint, in which case some consideration of the quality of the performance comes in, because the quality of the interpretation has so much to do with rendering the works intelligible and thereby instructive. Hence, while I may not feel free to speak of the solo singing on this occasion as I would if the singers were professionals, I am at least at liberty to consider the merits of the chorus work, and the judgment of the conductor in assigning solo parts to singers unable to deal with them properly.

The chorus on this occasion numbered something less than two hundred, the parts being quite well balanced. The accompaniments were at first a pianoforte, and afterwards (in *Comala*) a quintet and piano. In point of attack, intonation, shading, and contrast the chorus work was of a very indifferent quality. The voices were not well together, the tone was not elastic, and the general effect was monotonous. At the same time the voices were good, and there was no reason why efficient rehearsals would not have prepared an effective performance. On the whole, I confess that a feeling of sadness comes over me when I think of it. For the work done by this society has been of considerable value to the musical taste of the town, and it is melancholy that now, when they have rivals in the field, young, energetic, and capable, they should not rise to the new demands this competition lays upon them. I would be glad to prophecy smooth things, but really I cannot, and so I beg to say that unless the Beethoven Society of Chicago can attain to a higher standard of choral work they must content themselves with a second-class position.

The solo work was unequal. In the "Toggenburg" the bass and alto parts were taken by Mr. Carl Bergstein and Mrs. J. Balfour, both of whom sang admirably, although the voice of the former is not quite what it was twenty years ago. The soprano, however, Mrs. Bond, was inadequate to the part. Miss Ella White sang her arias from Rossi (one of the old Italian Rossi's, I understand) in a very beautiful manner. The air itself is musical and pleasing. The string accompaniment was arranged by Mr. H. Clarence Eddy. Of Mrs. Watson's piano playing I have formerly spoken. She lacks the repose indispensable to a public performer.

Considerable exception might be taken to the tempo in *Comala*, the chorus of spirits, for instance, being very much too slow. In consequence of the feeble contrasts and the heavy, inelastic, tone of the chorus, this performance loses much of its proper educational value.

On several occasions when I have expressed myself privately to the foregoing effect, I have been met with the suggestion that it is worth more to the musical taste of the town to have new and important works even indifferently rendered, than to have a few short choruses

sung even to perfection. The point of this lies in the application of it, which is to the short choruses "perfectly" performed by the Apollo Club. But in my opinion the alternative is not properly presented. There was no reason, for instance, why on this occasion the Beethoven Society should have attempted to do so much new work. They have in their repertory a number of very fine works, and if they had done "Comala," well, and filled out the programme with two or three numbers taken from the "Walpurgis Night," or Beethoven's Mass in C, or any of the other works they have given, the educational value of the programme would, in my opinion, have been increased. Suppose, for instance, the programme had been only this:

1. Spinning Chorus from "Flying Dutchman." Female Voices.
2. Concerto.
3. Comala.

Here would have been a performance quite long enough, lasting fully an hour and a half, yet (if the choruses had been well drilled) thoroughly enjoyable; and if the rendering of *Comala* had really risen to the dignity of an interpretation (through fine chorus shading, elasticity of tone, broad contrasts, proper tempos, and competent solos) the effect upon the taste of the audience would have been much greater.

I have pursued these remarks at some length because the same dilemma of good music and indifferent performance, or indifferent music and good performance, seems to present itself in every such case. Whereas, properly speaking, no conductor is reduced to so fatal an alternative. For whatever may be the limitation of his resources, there exists somewhere music adapted to his case; and a fine performance is merely a question of competent drill, provided, of course, the management has the nerve to weed out incompetent or careless singers. In the present case there is no lack of resources. It is only a lack of nerve, or something, in the direction.

The Kellogg English Opera is now giving a two weeks season here. The list was: *Troisvire*, The "Marriage of Figaro," The "Flying Dutchman," The "Bohemian Girl," The "Star of the North," *Marta*, *Fra Diavolo*, and a matinee not announced. The papers speak of Miss Kellogg as poor in *Troisvire*. I attended the "Marriage of Figaro" and the "Flying Dutchman." The former went excellently, except a few slips on the part of one or two who were new in their parts, and the countess (Mme. Rosewald), who has a hard, unsympathetic voice, and is quite incapable of the part. The Count was Mr. Carleton, who sang his part very well, but there is something too stiff in his manner. Mrs. Secuin was charming as usual in Cherubino, and Miss Kellogg's Susanna is also a pleasing performance.

Of the "Dutchman" I cannot speak so favorably. The music itself impresses me as crude and tiresome. The story—well, it is *moral*, at any rate, and that is something in a libretto. The orchestra contained no more than thirty pieces on the first performance, and on the repetition not so many. The first violins were but four. "Where, oh where, were the Hebrew children" who should have been paying for a larger orchestra for Wagner's sake? The singing was not badly done. Miss Kellogg is quite incapable of such a part as that of Benta. On the present occasion she used a tremolo continually, and, unless my ear deceived me, sang a shade below the pitch in many places. The part of Vanderdecken was taken by Mr. Carleton, and his part and Mr. Turner's Pilot were the best things of the whole.

And yet it ought to be set down to the credit of Miss Kellogg and her associates that they have added another opera to the hackneyed list; and while their orchestral and choral resources were not adequate to do it well, one could at least judge of the subject-matter of the music itself, and in spite of what I said above I found the chorus of mariners and pilot's song in the first act remarkably good, and there were bits of goodness all along. In short this music reminds me of what Carlyle says about the talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge:

"It was not flowing any whither like a river, but spreading any whither in inextricable currents and re-gurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim?"

The Hershey Music Hall is a small hall holding eight hundred, just about completed, in the very centre of the city (opposite McVicker's Theatre, near State and Madison Sts.). It will within a month contain a fine concert organ and altogether it affords an admirable place for small concerts, scientific lectures, etc. It is occupied by the "Hershey School of Musical Art," and the Beethoven Society. When not wanted for these it is for rent.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 6, 1877.

Christmas Oratorio.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave its sixty-sixth performance of *The Messiah* (its 594th Concert in 62 seasons) on Sunday evening, Christmas Eve. As usual at that joyful festival, the Music Hall was

crowded. The performance on the whole was one of the best. Certainly the great chorus has seldom, if ever, done its work so well. The choruses, under Conductor ZERRAHN, aided by the organist of the Society, Mr. B. J. LANG, at the piano, had been rehearsed with zealous care and even with enthusiasm. Some of the most difficult and hitherto baffling choruses went with a certainty, a smoothness and distinctness which we have hardly known before. Such were: "His yoke is easy," "Their sound is gone out," and "Let us break their bonds asunder." Generally the attack was prompt and decided, the balance of parts good, the ensemble rich and musical, and the effect grand or beautiful as the composition required. There was moreover an important improvement in the treatment of the orchestral accompaniment. The phrasing and bowing of the violins, and all the strings, which hitherto has followed an absurd tradition,—in short a coarse and careless habit of playing nearly every figure with a hacking *staccato*, had been carefully conformed by the conductor to the evident intentions of Handel's score; so that we no longer heard the incongruous and stilted separate accent on each note accompanying the *legato* of the voices.

And here is the place to speak of the additional accompaniments which Robert Franz has furnished to several numbers of the work which Mozart had omitted to complete in the admirable manner in which he had fitted the rest of the oratorio for public performance. It can hardly be supposed that the mass of the audience, not technically musical, noticed particularly wherein the passages in question sounded better than before; and yet unconsciously they must have experienced a fresh pleasure in them. To musical students and observers the improvement must have been palpable. A much richer and warmer coloring was imparted to the Air: "He shall feed his flock," by the addition of two clarinets, two bassoons, and particularly two horns, though this had been suggested heretofore at least upon the Organ. In like manner the pair of clarinets and of bassoons filled out the middle harmony, so long left to the Organ, with excellent effect in a considerable number of the choruses, arias, and the more graphic recitatives, as "Thus saith the Lord, And I will shake," etc. And several times the fine contrapuntal art of Franz was beautifully manifested in the answering phrases, imitations, which he has given to those middle instruments, or instrumental voices, keeping up the polyphonic continuity. Who can doubt that Handel himself did that when he presided at his organ? A number of the shorter recitatives, heretofore left with only a figured bass, have been written out by Franz for the quartet of strings, and certainly they sounded better.

But one thing surprised and puzzled us, of which we have since learned the explanation. We listened with the Mozart score in hand; and in quite a number of passages of several measures, where Mozart's instrumentation is full, we heard no sound of it,—only the deep bass murmuring with the voice. These were mostly end passages, or cadences; and it would seem that English tradition has been followed in this modification of Mozart's score. Of course it sounded unusually meagre; but we understand that it has been customary until now to carry out the instrumental parts to their conclusion on the organ.

The solos averaged well, if there was no singer of superlative excellence, no famous prima donna. The Soprano pieces were divided between Mrs. J. W. WESTON, and a new aspirant, Miss LILIAN B. NORTON. The latter has a pure, large, powerful voice, which she has a tendency to use (probably in the over-anxiety of a debutante in that large hall) somewhat too powerfully. Her vocal culture, too, seemed hardly equal to her sympathetic musical feeling, her dramatic intensity and good conception. She gave "There were Shepherds" and "Rejoice greatly" with fine effect, and promises to take very high rank among our singers in these nobler tasks. Mrs. Weston sang "But thou didst not leave" and "I know that my Redeemer" very sweetly, but with rather indistinct enunciation. Miss MATILDE PHILLIPS, who made so good an impression in the opera of *Semiramide* a year ago, won great favor in

the contralto solos. Her rich and sympathetic voice, and her large, evenly sustained, expressive delivery, appeared to excellent advantage in "O thou that tellest" and in "He was despised,"—the latter being given in a chaste and unaffected manner, without any of that sentimental overdoing of expression which has been too common in that song, and without that man-nish quality in the deep tones so offensive in many of the powerful contraltos. Mr. WM. J. WINCH sang the more pathetic tenor solos with great refinement and true feeling, and with a sweet quality of tone. And in the energetic and trying "Thou shalt dash them" he was remarkably successful; except that the high A on "dash," in his strenuous effort to give it all possible emphasis, was rather robbed of tone. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY was in grand voice, and rendered the bass solos very impressively. By the way, the quartets: "Since by man came death," etc., were sung a *capella*, quite without accompaniment, in spite of Mozart's score,—a questionable innovation, we incline to think.

And now the Handel and Haydn Society have begun rehearsal for their Triennial Festival, of four days, in May. There will be four evening Oratorio performances (Thursday to Sunday inclusive), and two afternoon Concerts. Among the works mentioned for performance are: "Israel in Egypt," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Mendelssohn's "95th Psalm," and a portion of Bach's Christmas Oratorio.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The fourth Symphony Concert, (Tuesday, Dec. 26), postponed from its regular date, and coming the day after Christmas, showed but a slight falling off in attendance. The programme, composed entirely of good things which never grow hacknied, unless we except the concluding portion of the last Overture, was as follows:—

Concert Overture, in A. Op. 7.....Rietz
Piano-forte Concerto, in A minor, Op. 54.....Schumann
Allegro affettuoso—Intermezzo (Andantino grazioso)—Allegro vivace.
William H. Sherwood.

Pastoral Symphony (No. 6).....Beethoven
Song—"Adelaide".....Beethoven
William J. Winch.

Jubilee Overture.....Weber

The orchestra labored under other disadvantages besides the general distraction and demoralization of the holidays. Misfortunes never come single. The rehearsals, too few at best, had to be held in a different hall from that of the final performance; and then the first oboist was taken sick, so that his part had to be played by the second (without rehearsal), with a mere flute to represent the second,—so poor are we here in this important little instrument! Verily the whole fate of the concerts has seemed more than once to hang upon an oboe.

Nevertheless there was a spirited and quite effective rendering of the two Overtures: that by Rietz, one of the very best of modern compositions of the class of which Mendelssohn's unrivaled the models, one which always comes up fresh and interesting; and the "Jubilee" by Weber, brilliant and buoyant, which we have not heard too often of late, and which made a stately and exhilarating ending to the concert, although, composed as it was for an English patriotic occasion, its noisy serving up of "God save the King" for a finale partakes rather of the character of clap-trap. The *Pastoral Symphony* was at all events refreshing as a sweet summer dream in this bleak and icy season, as if the master tone-poet had stolen and preserved for us the very tune out of the heart of summer and the country. Some of the rendering was a little rougher than of late; but the beautiful *Andante* "by the brookside" and the clearing up after the thunderstorm, with the finale, made clear and charming pictures.

Mr. SHERWOOD gave a very sure, strong, decided rendering of the wonderful Schumann Concerto. There is great strength, and at the same time elasticity in his touch; on the whole we think we note a growing tendency to too much strength, to the degree that musical tone suffers; it is too common

with the most modern school of pianists; brilliancy, effectiveness, unflinching certainty in carrying through long feats of difficulty, seem purchased at almost too dear a cost. This artist, however, reads all intelligently, phrases clearly and misses no points. Nor is there any lack of musical feeling. The *Intermezzo* was interpreted with a poetic, delicate appreciation; and he struck into the rapid *Allegro vivace*, bristling with difficulties, and taxing the utmost flexibility and strength of most fingers, with a glorious ease and confidence that triumphed to the end. Mr. Sherwood plays entirely without notes, and to this habit we cannot help ascribing in part the too much humoring of tempo in the first movement. We intended to make the same suggestion with regard to Miss Rivé's performance of the C-minor Concerto of Beethoven. Is it not better, safer on the whole, in playing with an orchestra, or in any concerted music, to put one's self on an equality with the rest so far as possible, and play with the notes before one?—Mr. Wixen's singing of "Adelaide" was beautifully tender, sympathetic, chaste, refined. His voice is sweeter and more sensitive than ever; the accompaniment, too, by Mr. DRESSEL, was masterly; and there was nothing to disturb or clog a pure, warm reproduction of that perfect love song, except the English words, which refused free and easy passage to the last movement taken at a quick, enthusiastic tempo. If the singer be not sufficiently at home in the German language, the Italian version is a very fine one, close to the thought of the original, beautiful in sound, and easiest of all to sing.

Of this week's Concert (Thursday, Jan. 4) we can only give just now the programme:

Symphony No. 4, in B flat, *Gade*; Rec., and Aria, "Non più di fiori," from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito" (Madame LUISA CARPANI); Overture to "Athalia," Mendelssohn—Andante and Finale from Schubert's Grand Duo, Op. 140, arranged for Orchestra by Joachim; Songs with Piano-Forte: a, "The Violet," Mozart, b, "Ungeduld," Schubert; Overture to "Egmont," Beethoven.

The Sixth Concert will come after a four weeks' interval, on Feb. 1, when Miss NITA GARTANO's lovely voice will be heard, and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. The second Concert was of Chamber Music (Thursday evening, Dec. 21). It was a very stormy night, but the theatre was all light and beauty,—sunshine of the soul; in that genial sphere of Art all outside was forgotten. A chapter of accidents kept the friendly audience waiting for some time. In the first place, MME. SCHILLER'S illness was announced, and the appearance of two excellent pianists, Messrs. PERABO and SHERWOOD in her place. Then it leaked out that the violoncellist, while entering the vestibule, had slipped upon the icy step and broken his instrument; another had to be procured from an amateur; finally the LISTEMANN party, rather than wait longer, began their Mozart Quartet without music stands,—a want supplied before the second movement. The programme, as printed, was the following:

1. Quartet for Violins, etc., in C.....Mozart
Adagio—Allegretto—Andante cantabile—Minuetto—Allegro molto.
Messrs. B. Listemann, F. Listemann, A. Belz, and A. Hartdegen.
2. Songs: a, "Evening;" b, "The Woods"....Franz
Mr. George L. Osgood.
3. Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat major,
Op. 44.....Schumann
Allegro brillante—In Modo d'una Marcia
—Scherzo—Allegro ma non troppo.
Madame Madeline Schiller and Messrs. B. Listemann, F. Listemann, A. Belz, and A. Hartdegen.
1. Songs: a, "Silent Love".....Schumann
b, "Hark! hark! the lark".....Schubert
2. Piano Solo, "Invitation to the Dance," arranged
by Taubert.....Von Weber
3. Sextet for Two Horns and Strings, in E flat,
Op. 81, b.....Beethoven
(Two movements.)
Adagio—Rondo, Allegro.
Messrs. A. Belz, C. Schumann, B. Listemann, F. Listemann, E. Weiner, and A. Hartdegen.

If we had any doubts about the acoustic excellence of the room on listening to the orchestra before, they entirely vanished from our mind upon this last occasion. Never have we heard the violin or the pianoforte render a more pure and lovely quality of tone in any room than both did here. The tone of Mr. Listemann's leading violin in the Quartet by Mozart,—a dear old favorite—was well nigh perfect; and it would be too much to expect

to hear the beauty of the whole work brought out more satisfactorily than it was that evening. There is a well established understanding and quick sympathy between the instruments. To our taste that Quartet was the best thing of the evening. Of course the songs do not come into the comparison. Mr. Osgood was remarkably happy in the two songs by Franz, particularly the joyous "Im Wald! im Wald," which gave full chance for his best tones; and he sang them with the most inspiring of accompaniments, that of OTTO DRESSEL, who finds a music in the very tones of the piano found by very few. Warmly recalled, Mr. Osgood also sang the delicate *Schlummerlied* of Franz, to words by Tieck, with its wonderful low murmuring accompaniment.

In place of MME. Schiller and the Schumann Quintet (which we shall have another time), Mr. Perabo played, with Messrs. Listemann and Hartdegen, the Trio in A minor, Op. 155, by Raff, which we like about as well as any of his compositions in this form; for, though we cannot quite acquit it of modern extravagances, it is a bold, fiery, original series of inventions and contrasts,—some of the movements beautiful; and it lacked nothing in the execution or the interpretation, both artists playing with fire and thoroughly absorbed and happy in it. —Mr. Osgood's voice did not serve him quite so well for the delivery of the exquisite "Stille Liebe" of Schumann; that is, it does not lie in his best tones; but he sang *con amore*, and the piano marvellously sang in the few notes of prelude to the verses. Schubert has caught all the ecstasy of Shakespeare's "Lark" song, and it was given to us. Mr. Sherwood gave a strong and earnest rendering of Chopin's noble Nocturne in C minor, Op. 48, besides a rather dry but brilliant Octave study by Kullak.—The Sextet by Beethoven although it is registered as Op. 81b, sounds like one of his very early works, much in the vein of Mozart, simple and naive, yet very fresh and charming. The two horns have a task which is no child's play and admirably were they played by Mr. Belz and Mr. Schumann; their rich, warm, golden quality of tone was of itself enough to charm the senses throughout several movements, so long as the composition as a whole was sound and honest.

The third Concert will take place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, with this programme:

Trio for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, in B flat, Op. 97, Beethoven, Messrs. PERABO, LISTEMANN, and HARTDEGEN; Songs, "Withered Flowers," "Whither," Schubert, Miss CLARA DORIA; ROMANZA and Scherzo for Piano and Violoncello, *Finis*, Messrs. PERABO and HARTDEGEN; Violin Solo Mr. B. LISTEMANN; Songs, "Matin Song," *Finis*, "Swiss Song," *Finis*, Miss DORIA; Piano Solo, Nocturne, Rubinstein, Sketch, Mendelssohn, Mr. ERNEST PERABO; Septet, Op. 20, Beethoven, BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB.

In the fourth Concert MME. SCHILLER will play the great Schumann Quintet with the Philharmonic Club, and, for a solo, Taubert's arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance."

MR. PECK'S TWO CONCERTS drew large audiences to the Music Hall, with OLE BULL for principal attraction, on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon of last week. There were the Swedish Ladies also, and the Philharmonic Club, and Miss FANNY KELLOGG, who sang finely in music of a highly florid and exacting character; and there was to have been Miss JULIA RIVÉ, but that interesting young artist is seriously ill, they say, at home in Cincinnati; and her place was supplied by Mr. W. H. SHERWOOD, who seems ever prepared for all emergencies. Ole Bull still holds the crowd as ever; and the same things which many others do, the same arts and tricks of the violin, the same hack-nied cadences, seem finer to the crowd when done by him. To us the remarkable thing is that as an artist, as a virtuoso, he is still precisely what and where he was when he first came to this country over thirty years ago, and does precisely the same things, plays precisely the same music, and with as intense an interest apparently as if it were the present moment's inspiration. There is a certain Norse romance about his life and whole appearance, which doubtless accounts for a great part of the charm.

His "Carnival" is indeed the funniest of all the funny versions of it; they all grew on one tree, of Paganini's planting.

Of him, and of the concerts generally, Mr. W. F. Apthorp writes as follows in the *Courier* of Sunday:

After listening attentively to this artist's playing, I must confess that it strikes me that he has often met with very uncalled for hard treatment at the hands of critics. I think that, upon the whole, we Americans are too prone to set down any personal peculiarity of manner, gesture, or dress to the score of affectation. Every artist must from the nature of his position strive to produce some effect; if the effect produced does not strike us as a high or artistic one, we cry out against clap-trap and charlatanry, catering to the depraved taste of the masses, and what not. We do not often think it worth our while to consider to what order of taste the artist is by his own nature sincerely impelled to appeal. Is it improbable that an artist should naturally appeal to the class of listeners whose ideal in art coincides with his own? It seems to me that Ole Bull has a rare talent, call it genius if you will, for giving the intensest expression to the most commonplace musical sentiment. He is the *Felicia Hemans of the violin*! The sentiment itself may be mawkish and shallow, its expression overstrained, but it may be very genuine for all that. No man can produce such powerful effects upon his hearers as Ole Bull often does without having some very genuine link of sympathy between himself and them. Mere clap-trap cannot do such things. As for criticising his playing, I do not think that any critic has a right to express an opinion on what he does not understand. If a man tells me that he likes and enjoys *Lily Dale* and *The Last Rose of Summer*, I can understand him well enough; there is a tangible point on which our sympathies meet. But when I see a man pouring out his whole soul over *Lily Dale*; when I find that *Lily Dale* arouses feelings in him as intense as my own are in hearing the adagio in Beethoven's great B-flat sonata, and that he can work himself up to such a delirium of anguish that he is well nigh ready to "die of a rose in aromatic pain," then I feel that I do not understand him, I cannot conceive in what relation he stands to music in general, I cannot imagine any point of æsthetic sympathy that we have in common, and upon which I can rest the lever of an argument. Our ideas on conjugal affection and floriculture may very likely be the same, but when we come to the Art of Music, we no longer talk the same language. What I can admire in Ole Bull is the beautiful and sympathetic quality of the tone he draws from his instrument. It is not brilliant, it is hardly a manly, powerful tone, but it is sweet as honey. As an executant, I can see nothing in him above other excellent violinists; he plays with a loose bow and a flat bridge, which gives him great facilities for double and treble-stopping, but the one thing that makes him a really phenomenal item in the list of violinists is his intensity—mark the word—his intensity of feeling in playing. Miss Fanny Kellogg was received with marked favor by the audience and sang an air from Adam's *Girardo* extremely well. Her voice is a light soprano of pleasant quality and considerable flexibility, though of no great distinction of timbre. Her forte is evidently ballad singing and I know few singers who can surpass her in this branch. Mr. William H. Sherwood showed himself the true artist he is, and was warmly applauded for his fine playing of Liszt's transcription of the *Tannhäuser* March. His playing of the Rubinstein *Serenade* and the Chopin *Etude* struck me as even more effective, as the Music Hall is far too large for the Liszt piece to make much effect in, but the selection did not seem to be so much to the taste of the audience. Mr. Freygang played a very brilliant Harp-Fantasia of his own arrangement, on theme from Halevy's *Jenesis*, most admirably. The Swedish Ladies Quartette were charming as ever, and showed in Schumann's *Wägenmästare* that they are fully up to higher musical tasks than Folk-song singing.

The Saturday afternoon concert was fully as largely attended as that on Thursday evening. Ole Bull again delighted his many admirers by his extraordinary playing, which was even more intense, extravagant and fantastic than before. I would gladly say something about his compositions (the concerto in E, the *Mountains of Norway*, which he played on Thursday evening, and *The Vision* and *Saterboeg*, which he played on Saturday.) If I could only get some clue to what he means by them. I have heard them called melodious, and am willing to believe that some persons may be edified by them, but to me they are drearily incomprehensible, perfect musical (or unmusical) Sahara, wanting even in the piquancy of striking ugliness. Mr. Sherwood played the fascinating *Flying-Dutchman* Spinning Song very brilliantly, together with Schumann's *Bird as Prophet*, and a taking little caprice of his own. Mr. Freygang played Parish Aloars's *Ka Mandoline* with such a grace that he had to play something more to satisfy the audience. Miss Fannie Kellogg sang the Polonaise from *Myrton* with much brilliancy, and appeared to even better advantage in Taubert's bewitching *Echo Song*. The Swedish Ladies were again charming. Would that we heard more of such good part singing by female voices. In both concerts the Philharmonic Club played admirably, but the audience did not seem in the mood to listen to good chamber music amid so many bewildering "attractions," and we fear that unless the sympathy of all true music lovers and their own artistic self-respect rewards them sufficiently, the exertions of this excellent body of artists met with but little reward. But let us not be cynical because chamber music is out of place at such concerts. Let us rather congratulate Mr. Peck upon the success of his concerts, which have given great pleasure to a large number of persons.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. Last week Mr. Sullivan took the place of honor:—

1. Overture to the Tragedy of Struensee...Meyerbeer
2. Romanza, "Donna Gentil" ("Il Mercante di Venezia").....Mercadante
Mr. Wadmore.
3. Violin Solo, "Chaconne and Variations"....Bach
Herr Wilhelmj.
4. Cantata, "On Shore and Sea".....Sullivan
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Wadmore,
and the Crystal Palace Choir.
5. Violin Solo, "Air Hongrois".....Ernst
Herr Wilhelmj.
6. Cavatina, "Della Rosa il bel vermiglio" ("Blanca e Faliero").....Rossini
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
7. Overture, "Leonora, No. 3".....Beethoven
Conductor.....AUGUST MANNS.

Mr. Sullivan's cantata, composed, as will probably be remembered, for the opening of the International Exhibition of '71, took the place in the programme usually filled by a symphony. Pieces "written to order" rank seldom among a composer's best productions; we may, therefore, perhaps be pardoned for whatever lack of interest we may be guilty of feeling for this work. The opening and closing choruses are the best numbers; in the latter a very pleasing theme, which was the chief subject of the former, reappears in the orchestra with good effect. Most people will probably agree at the present moment with the sentiment of the final chorus, even if they do not always quite understand what the poet means, owing to the somewhat peculiar method he has of expressing himself; it is certain his meaning is pacific:—

Sink and scatter, clouds of war,
Sun of peace, shine full and far!

Blest the prince whose people's choice
Bids the land in peace rejoice;
Blest the land whose prince is wise,
Peaceful progress to devise;
Closed the brazen gates of Mars,
Peace her golden gates unbars;
Let the nations hear her call—
"Enter, welcome, one and all!"

But to return to a few of the remarkable points of the music. The recitative sung by the lady soloist, announcing that—"From Spring-time on to Summer draws the year, And still they come not; still we watch and weep," is prefaced by a very pretty and lively introduction: it then pictures the approach of the long-expected fleet of Genoese sailors, returning from warfare with the Moors; signals are fired, with becoming regularity, but alas! her lover's ship is missing, her love "is lost or slain!" Without, however, waiting longer than was necessary to take breath after coming to this painful conclusion, she enters upon a measured, symmetrical song, expressing, among other things, her conviction that "evermore" her voice will "be sad" along the shore. One can but admire her sudden resolution and heroic self-command; unless, indeed, she had a presentiment all the while that it would somehow come right in the end. The instrumental "Moresque" and the chorus of Moors following, we are not in a position to discuss, having never studied Moorish music; but we should think it probable that Mr. Sullivan is right if he imagines that coarse, and apparently senseless ugliness are among its characteristics. Oddly enough, it would seem that their barbarous scale (if, as we suppose, the composer has studied the question) bears a strong resemblance to what, if we mistake not, Dr. Stainer calls the modern and most beautiful form of the minor scale. What was the matter with the love duet that precedes the final chorus? There did not appear to be any fault in the performance, but it certainly conveyed to us anything, or nothing, rather than the expression of the words "Here on the heart of my love let me lie, Here in my joy, let me live, let me die!" Or is it that, having become saturated with the earnest, passionate love of such men as Schumann, Wagner, Raff, we have no taste left for a calmer and more refined expression of the same feeling? It is difficult to come to just conclusions in such matters, and we must fain content ourselves with adding that the soloists, orchestra, and chorus, all acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of the work, or—if that is not praise enough—we may, perhaps, be allowed to add, if even a greater one.

Herr Wilhelmj's marvellous performance of Bach's Chaconne, in which the violin becomes a miniature orchestra, was thoroughly appreciated by the musical part of the audience; and his delightful manner of playing melodies on his instrument was especially conspicuous in his rendering of Ernst's Hungarian airs. He was twice recalled at its conclusion.

The programmes of the music performed during the rest of the week contain works of the highest importance; the Pastoral symphony was announced for Monday last; Schubert's unfinished symphony and Beethoven's fifth concerto for Wednesday, and Spohr's Power of Sound for Friday, each—to hear performed under Mr. Mann's lead—worthy of a longer pilgrimage than to Sydenham.

POPULAR CONCERTS. The Graphic of Dec. 9, says:

Mr. Arthur Chappell has been furnishing his patrons with more quartets by Haydn. The programme of Saturday afternoon included the quartet in F minor, beginning with the ingenious set of variations upon an original theme; that of Monday night comprised another in E flat major, of a very different character, but equally interesting. On both occasions Mad. Norman-Neruda played first violin, in the graceful, unaffected style which invests her readings of Haydn and Mozart with a charm so undefinable. That the Danish artist also excels in the music of other schools was sufficiently attested by the

faultless execution of Corelli's *Suite* in D, on Monday, and her leading of Beethoven's (somewhat Mozart-like) Serenade for violin, viola, and violoncello, in the same key, with Mr. Zerbini and Signor Piatti ("the inimitable," as associates, on Saturday. Never has this accomplished lady more emphatically asserted her claim to the title of "Queen-violinist" than during the series of performances just terminated. The pianists on the occasions referred to were Mr. Charles Hallé and Mdlle. Anna Mehlig, each selecting one of Beethoven's sonatas as solo—Mr. Hallé giving the rarely introduced F sharp major (Op. 78), Mdlle. Mehlig choosing the more familiar C sharp minor (Op. 27), which somebody, without the consent or knowledge of the great musician, did him the favor to christen "*Mondschein*" ("Moonlight.") Such fantastic designations were never to the taste of Beethoven. There was a novelty, by the way, on Saturday, in the shape of a Sonata in E flat, for pianoforte and violin, by Herr Rheinberger, played "for the first" (it is to be hoped the only) time at the Popular concert. The united talents of Mr. Hallé and Mad. Neruda could do little towards making so rapidly pretentious a composition interesting. What can "Young Germany" be about? It will never make head against Franz Liszt & Co., with the aid of such long and dreary works as are now poured forth. How different the Sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violoncello, of Mendelssohn, played at the afternoon concert by Mdlle. Mehlig and Signor Piatti! It must suffice to add that the vocalist on Monday was the clever Mrs. Osgood, the same position being occupied on Saturday by our promising young baritone, Mr. George Fox. Mr. Fox introduced a charming song called "Farewell," the composition of Signor Piatti, with an *obbligato* part for the violoncello, played by the author, and a pianoforte accompaniment entrusted to Sir Julius Benedict. The concert announced for to-day and Monday evening will bring the pre-Christmas series to an end. They could hardly have been better of their kind; and so long as Mr. Chappell persists in shaking dust off Haydn's quartets (more than forty of the eighty-three have already been produced at St. James's Hall), he may allow "Young Germany" to lift up its voice without peril, whenever he finds it advisable. "Papa Haydn" is "ein feste Burg" upon which lovers of genuine, healthy music may always rely for safety. It has been justly said that when the name of Haydn comes to be withdrawn from the programmes of classical concerts, "the epitaph of music may be written."

STERNDALE BENNETT'S TOMB. "Cherubino" writes in *Figaro*:

By the way, the tiny inscription upon Purcell's grave in Westminster Abbey has been re-cut, but it is placed in the place of dishonor on the floor, and the authorities state that no room can possibly be found for the smallest tablet to mark the remains of Sterndale Bennett, which lie within a few feet of Purcell. Yet opposite the grave of the great English musician is an enormous and recently erected inscription—six feet square, at least—marking the grave of a noble lady of whom few have ever even heard, and which inscription is, it is boldly stated in its text, "erected by her descendant and inheritor," one of the canons of the Abbey. Sterndale Bennett needs no inscription; his works are his most fitting monument. But it seems almost a burlesque of propriety to refuse a few inches of room to Sterndale Bennett, and to give several feet to a lady who happens to have left a canon some money.

BACK IN ENGLAND. The ladies and gentlemen who sang in Bach's Mass in B minor in the spring have formed themselves into a society under the name of the "Bach Choir" (in commemoration of the introduction of that great work into England). The Bach Choir, increased in number from that of last year, has recently begun to practice; and the committee, consisting of the same noblemen and gentlemen who promoted the performance of the mass last year, have resolved to give two or three concerts during the early spring, which will be devoted to the performance of the mass and other selected choral works of importance little known in this country.

CHOPIN'S LETTERS. The *Augsburger Zeitung* publishes an interesting communication from Dresden. It appears that a mass of correspondence, consisting of some three hundred letters, and written by Chopin, or addressed to him by Liszt, Berlioz, Thalberg, and many other celebrities, have just been discovered. It had long been supposed they were lost or destroyed. It now appears they were preserved by the composer's sister, who came from Warsaw to Paris, for the purpose of tending him during his last illness. The collection has been purchased, we are informed, by a musical publisher in the Saxon capital, for the sum of 13,000 francs, and a German translation is to appear very shortly. Why not the letters in their original shape as well?

HANOVER. The great attraction at the third Subscription Concert was Herr Joachim. The Theatre was crammed. He played Beethoven's Violin Concerto (with orchestral accompaniment); a "Notturmo" with orchestra (of his own composition); a "Sarabande und Tambourin," by Leclair; and various "Ungarische Tänze," adding, in compliance with the strongly-expressed desire of the public to hear something more from him, a "Gavotte," by J. S. Bach. The enthusiasm he excited rose to fever-heat.

SPEAKING OF Liszt, Schumann once said of him, with a mixture of admiration and irony: "He is as brilliant as a flash of lightning; he bursts on you like the crash of thunder; and he leaves behind him a strong smell of sulphur."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Only Speak Kindly to Me. Lith. Title.
Song and Cho. A. 3. E to F. Pyke. 49
"Say you'll forgive me forever,
And will speak kindly to me."
Fine title page, and very pleasing song.

I Know my Love Loves me. D. 5. c to g.
O, full of love the tone."
One of the best of concert songs.

I see Going Home. Song and Cho. F. 3.
c to F. Lee. 30
"I see a coming,—I'll be dar."

A pretty plantation song.
Corina. Song and Cho. D. 4. d to g. Keene. 35
"Adieu then, Corina! no more will I linger
For a smile that my fond heart claimed as its own."
Song by a celebrated Baritone, and is of high
character, poetry and music alike beautiful.

Sun of my Soul. Quartet. Gb. 4. d to g.
Havens. 35
"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live."
One of Havens' "5 Sacred Quartets," and is an
adaptation of a favorite hymn to new music.

The Warrior and the Maiden. C. 3. c to E.
Vincent. 35
"The warrior crossed the ocean's foam
For the stormy scenes of war."
A beautiful "Troubadour Song," words by
Mrs. Hemans.

In the Sweet Long Ago. Song and Chorus.
Bb. 3. d to E. Pyke. 30
"When the brightest of visions float by
In a magical dream, to and fro."
Golden words, and a sweet melody.

Instrumental.

Les Naiads, Valse Caprice. A. 4. Harmston. 50
An elegant waltz, which is also a fine instructive
piece, with runs, arpeggios and trills.

School Life Waltzes. Eb. 3. Post. 40
A good name for a pleasing waltz.

Dixie's Land March. C. 3. Wiegand. 30
A light march or quick step, introducing the
well-known lively melody.

Gavotte. 4. C. Seeligsohn. 50
A sort of classic dance movement of considerable
brightness and dignity. The left hand has
its full share of the difficulty.

Fontainebleau. Valse Fanfare. C. 4. Lamothe. 75
Being a "Fanfare" of course it imitates the
flourish of military music. Very bright and
taking.

The Two Larks. (Les deux Alouettes.)
Impromptu. A. 5. Leachelitzky. 50
Played by Madame Esipoff, probably because
it is so graceful, as it is not so difficult as most
concert pieces.

Der Hidalgo. Op. 204. D. 3. Lange. 67
"Der Hidalgo" is a song by Schumann, here
finely transcribed and varied. May be a little more
difficult than (3) to some players, but fits easily
to the fingers.

Lohengrin. Fantaisie Brillante. Eb. 5. Leybach. 1.00
Airs from Wagner's opera, and is worked up
with Leybach's exquisite skill and taste.

M'aimes tu? Fantaisie Romance. G. 4. Dulcken. 49
Throughout, we hear the melody of a charming
song, with various harmonic additions and ornaments.

Nosegay Polka. (Il ramillette.) Eb. 3. Barrigon. 30
Very bright and piquant polka.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

